

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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The History of Perourou;

OR,

THE BELLOWS MENDER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Translated from the French.]

(CONTINUED.)

SIX months passed in this way. The engravers, jealous of completing their vengeance, would not, by too much precipitation, risque losing all the fruit of it. Every evening they asked from me an exact recital of my conduct, and appeared so satisfied that they furnished me with more money than my part required.

One day I received an invitation in form from the merchant, to assist at a feast he was to give in the country, and of which I flattered myself I was the hero. This beauty, so vain, received me with kindness, and paid me so many delicate attentions, that, drawn by her charms which heightened the beauty of her dress, I seized the first moment we were alone to give up a sentiment I could no longer contain: I threw myself at her feet, and made an offer of my hand. She received my proposition with dignity; but a tear which escaped from her charming eye, convinced me that pride was not the only sensation which agitated her heart, I discovered that I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter on my birth, it was easy to blind the father on my fortune. Having but little penetration, he gave full confidence to the history I gave him.—My father lived on an estate, situated at the extremity of Dauphiny: his age and his infirmities took from him the

hope of attending his son to the altar, but he consented to my marriage so much the more easily, as the riches of his house were considerably increased by the interest I had in the mines of the province. I supported with secret complaisance, the resolution I had formed of not excepting a dowry, adding that my fortune was too considerable to require augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of the conversation we were perfectly agreed, for I left him absolute master of the conditions: I only asked him to omit all useless shews, as the family of Aurora and mine were distant from Lyons. It was agreed that my marriage should take place in a fortnight, and I charged myself with drawing up the preliminary articles.

Having, with some difficulty, obtained leave to quit Aurora, I hastened to Lyons, to inform my friends that the play was near ending, and recounted to them what had passed. They loaded me with so many praises, that had I not possessed a slight share of vanity, I should have believed that they mocked me; but the event proved that they were sincere. The thirst of avenging themselves on the haughtiness of Aurora became more ardent and more whimsical. This same day, to complete the deception of the father and daughter, they sent in my name to my mistress, a magnificent boquet, accompanied with a watch, bracelets of jewels, and laces of the greatest beauty. Towards the end of the week they drew up a contract; I took care to sign my true name, a precaution which I have found in the end to be of great use. By this contract I made a settlement on my wife, I was far from thinking I should be ever able to realize.

I deceived her without doubt; but, Heaven is my witness, it was not without remorse. When with Aurora, love permitted me to think of nothing but her;

with my jovial friends, their pleasantries, their agreeable manners, the kind of dependence in which they held me, the lessons, the services I had received from them, nothing permitted me to reflect either on the present or the future: but, in the silence of solitude, my passions, my sophistries disappeared, and I saw nothing but a frightful perspective before me. When I connected the idea of Aurora with that of the coarse mattress of chaff which was soon to be her lot; when I figured to myself her delicate hands destined to prepare for us the coarsest food; this beauty which merited a palace, forced to inhabit the cottage of my father, I recoiled with horror, a mortal coldness froze up my senses. A thousand times I was on the point of throwing myself at her feet to acknowledge my crime, to cover myself with that shame and infamy due to a man capable of so far degrading himself. But, self love and passion came in their turns to succour and prevent me:—enchained by the attractions of the present, my imagination spread rays of hope on the obscurity of the future.

The unhappiness of Aurora, said I to myself, will be but momentary; love will soften its bitterness, and the blind vengeance of her enemies; in spite of them she ought to be, and shall be happy:—in short they will leave me money, and I shall procure more by my industry; I should be a wretch, if I did not devote my life to spreading flowers in her path. When she shall know what I am, without doubt her resentment will be terrible; but the evil being irreparable, reason will impose on her the law of resignation, love shall be in the place of riches, and we will be happy.

Such were the reflections which occupied my mind during the days which preceded my marriage. At the moment when Aurora pronounced the promise to live and die with with me, an universal

dering took possession of my whole body; I should have fallen on the pavement had not a deluge of tears given relief to my oppressed heart. The crowd which surrounded us, took this effort of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived: I felt, by her tender caresses, that this haughty person was as anxious to appear the lover as the wife. The engravers, to recompense the address with which I had executed their projects, permitted me to prolong the error for some days; during this delay I gave myself up to an excess of passion, and banished from my mind the approaching fatal period of the frightful catastrophe. In short, after several conferences with these implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decided that things should be prepared for my return to my cottage.

When I proposed this journey to my wife, from which I had reason to apprehend the most serious consequences, I could not forbear a sigh from the bottom of my heart, which, from her confidence in me, she did not understand. Her lively imagination presented the idea of going with me in a magnificent carriage, attended with a train of women, livery servants and all the retinue of grandeur, thus contriving at once to gratify her pride and shew her regard for me; both faults excusable only from her youth and inexperience. She was in raptures to see the preparations for our departure, which, the nearer and nearer it approached, became the more tormenting to me. How often did I implore the pity of my friends! The only answer they gave me, was the sacred obligation of my engagements with them. I had no alternative but to obey.

Two of my patrons and employers were to attend as postilions, while the one who had wished to marry Aurora had the impudence to put himself in the place of coachman. A tye wig of an ingenious cut, and a patch over his right eye, effectually secured him from all suspicion, so as not to be known even by his nearest friends. Three of them, in a jovial humour, got up behind the carriage as footmen; and the four remaining ones, being obliged to stay at Lyons to attend their business, consoled themselves for not being of the party, by engaging their companions to write them from every place they should stop at, such occurrences as are common on a stage journey. The waggish fellows could scarcely help expressing their joy aloud when they heard my wife speaking to them in a severe tone of voice, and presently after addressing me with the mildest complacency, asking me what name I cal-

led my plantation by, the extent of my possessions in Dauphiny, the privileges of my hunting grounds, fisheries, and so on; and dwelling in particular, with a fond attention on my supposed mines, which her fancy pictured to her at least equal to those of Peru or Mexico. Such subjects of discourse brought us rather beyond Montelimart, when I perceived the narrow path-way which led to a village, the steeple of which was still farther from our road. Alas the poor village was my place of abode.

The critical minute advanced. The territory about me was far from being mine. In short, after three hours travelling on a bad road, our driver, who too well knew the place, stopped the coach before a wretched hotel.

An aged person, in a dress of rags and poverty, sat by himself at the door. I went up to him, and the poor old man was no other than my respectable father. How can I find colors to paint this strange scene of affairs! Imagine to yourself on one side the trembling Perourou, on the other the haughty Aurora, and six malicious young fellows ceremoniously seating her on an old broken chair, with the most insolent bursts of laughter, sneers and jests, to gratify their vengeance, and complete the humiliation of my wife. Only imagine to yourself, reader, the pretended coachman taking off his tye wig and eye patch, and then reproaching Aurora in a most insulting stile of superiority — No, no, said he disdainfully, you were not born or educated to be the wife of an engraver; such a match would have done too much honour to your birth, fortune and expectations. It was fit that a poor bellows mender should win your affections only; and now look at the fellow whom your lofty and noble spirit has pitched upon for a husband. I was going to reply, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat, the others hustled into the coach, and smothering a loud laugh, were presently out of sight.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN. AN APOLOGUE.

A BEAUTIFUL woman and her husband were once lost in a wood, in the middle of a very dark night. On all sides they heard nothing but the shrill whistle of robbers, or the long cries of wolves; the sky too was tempestuous. The female became at once motionless through fear.

"What will become of us?" cried she, clinging round her husband.

"Let us continue our journey my love," he replied coolly.

"But, good Heavens; the robbers?"

"Well, then, let us return."

"Oh, that's worse! the wild beasts."

"What would you have then?"

"Leave this place."

"We can only do that, my love, by going forward or returning; choose which."

The female then shut her eyes, stopped her ears, and suffered herself to be conducted by her husband.

Such is the lot of woman. Nature has pointed out our respective distinctions, and the difference of our employments by the difference of our conformation. A taller stature, a more solid and less flexible organization, indicate the honourable duties of man. Here the laws of nature and society accord.

"Woman and man," says Rousseau, "are made for each other, but their mutual dependence is not equal. Men depend upon women by their desires; women upon men by their desires and their wants."

Woman was created to be the companion of man, to please him, to solace him, in his miseries, to console him in his sorrows, and not to partake with him the fatigues of war, of the sciences, and of government. Warlike women, learned women, and women who are politicians, equally abandon the circle which nature and civil institutions have traced round their sex; they convert themselves into men. They renounce the empire which they inevitably exercised by their weakness, to run vainly after the more equivocal empire of force. We hear of women that have fought, written, and governed with success. What does this prove? the exception does not destroy the rule. And, besides, where is the feeling and amiable woman who would exchange the ineffable happiness of being loved, for the unsubstantial pleasure of fame?—Where is the man who would have preferred Joan of Arc to the mild and timid Agness Sorrel? We admire the masculine mind of Elizabeth; but we love Mary queen of Scots.

REFLECTIONS.

Pride cannot support a denial; yet pride denies itself many pleasures.

In how small a space our happiness is encompassed! What an immense circuit, what an immense expenditure, must be made, before this truth is established as a truth!—The smallest tenement—nay, within the arms of a loving and beloved individual, most of the possibilities for felicity may be found.

ORIANDER.

"Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is, afar off, to view the flight.
So, while in feverish sleep we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire."

PRIOR.

"Why is a Wish far dearer than a Crown?
That Wish accomplish'd why the grave of bliss?"

YOUNG.

IN the charming recesses of the Levantine Valley, Oriander fed his flock, at the foot of those mountains, and on the same delightful spot, his predecessors had lived, in peaceful obscurity, time immemorial.

Easy in mind, and secure in his retreat, he received his food from the hand of Nature, nor sought other luxuries than those which his native fields and vineyards spontaneously afforded:

"The Senate's mad decrees he never saw,
Nor heard at brawling Court's corrupted law."

Honest labour procured him the blessings of sufficiency, health, and repose, and he passed his early years in the enjoyment of those serene and blameless pleasures, which can be truly relished by those only whose minds have never been contaminated by an acquaintance with the world.

Oriander had reached the age of maturity when a gradual melancholy took possession of his heart: the sunny plain, that had been the scene of his youthful sports; the grove which had afforded him shade; and the dashing cascade, that had so often shared his attention, and yielded a crystal beverage to his little flock, had lost their various charms. Lonely and disconsolate, he wandered along the sides of the mountain; and as he plucked purple clusters, which blushed through their auburn foliage, he fancied their smell less fragrant, and their flavour insipid.

As he was one day lamenting to himself that his lot was to waste his years in obscurity, and expressing a wish to launch out into the world, to experience the variety and the pleasures which he conceived existed in public life, and of which he had formed the most enchanting ideas, a venerable old man, with hair white as snow, advancing through an avenue, approached, and accosted him with a look of filial concern, expressed a desire to become acquainted with a cause of his discontent. They sat down on an adjacent bank, and Oriander opened to him the secret anguish which wrung his heart.

The Old Man observed that his desires were of a nature similar to those of all mankind. HAPPINESS was the object of his pursuit; and he fondly imagined that the possession of that inestimable treasure was inseparably connected with the attainment of our wishes.

"Young man!" exclaimed the reverend Monitor, "under a supposition of the possibility of obtaining whatever you conceive essential, to your felicity, tell me truly, do you believe you possess the power of moderating your desires?"

Oriander declared he had no doubt to the contrary.

"Then know," rejoined the old Man, "though it is not in my power to confer absolute HAPPINESS, I have the ability to gratify your reasonable desires. Take this box as a pledge of my veracity, and regard it as a precious deposit: it contains certain rules and directions, whereby you may attain the completion of your wishes; but if once you exceed the bounds of moderation, the total loss of this treasure will be the consequence, and you will be involved in inevitable misery. Be wise; act with circumspection, and prize the blessing entrusted to your charge!"

At these words, the Old Man delivered a gold box, of curious workmanship, into the hands of Oriander (who received it with all the enthusiasm of gratitude) and retired into the vineyards, whence he came.

His mind now felt unusual agitation; he found himself labouring under so many wants of which he had lately no conception, that he knew not which first to gratify. His little flock became neglected; and his first experiment was to enlarge his possessions.

The daughter of an opulent trader had long attracted his attention. He succeeded in his addresses, and received her hand in marriage. "I will now," said he to himself, "sit me down and enjoy the comforts of domestic life."

In a short time his pleasures gave way to indifference; and the charms of his fair bride, which so lately kindled in his heart the flames of love now served only to awaken the bitter pangs of a groundless jealousy.

His peace was, however, in a degree re-established by the birth of a son, who had been granted to his wishes, and who shared the fondest affections of an indulgent parent.

Oriander now began to devote his time to study; and, by consulting the contents of his box with strict attention, soon found himself himself master not only of the living and dead languages, but of those various

arts and sciences which confer honour and celebrity upon their votaries.

This sedentary course of life, to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed, subjected him to a long train of nervous disorders, which cast a gloom over his intellectual sunshine, and embittered all his solitary moments. He saw with concern the vanity of his acquirements—he found himself

"Without a rival, and without a judge."

His great abilities were hid in obscurity; he had reached the summit of classical ambition, and looked down with contempt on the multitude beneath him; yet the world passed him by without notice, nor had the voice of Fame conferred those honours, to which he conceived he had a claim.

More serious misfortunes now awoke his feelings: his only son, whose youthful talents promised a future display of extraordinary genius, fell a victim to an untimely death; and ere yet he had wiped the parental tear from his eye, the tender mother, unable to sustain the shock, sought a refuge from her troubles in the oblivious tomb!

Wearied of the scenes which only served to remind him of those things which *once were*, "and were most dear," to him, he resolved to devote himself to a military life as the only method to divert his mind, and relieve him from that *ennui*, under which he had long been sinking.

He wished to know the use of the sword, and adhering to the directions of his benefactor, instantly found himself a skilful proficient therein. In defence of his country he first took up arms, and signalized himself in many gallant actions. He had formed an intimate and particular acquaintance with a young man in the army, who was a descendant of one of the best families in Switzerland, and whose superior accomplishments and address rendered him well worthy of the most exalted esteem. At a convivial meeting, a serious misunderstanding took place: a point of *false honour* opposed itself to all possibility of accommodation; a challenge on the part of Oriander was the consequence; and, to adopt a modern phrase, he had the horrid *satisfaction* of bathing his sword in the blood of his dearest friend!

The public indignation was roused on this occasion, and Oriander was obliged to see

clude himself, in order to avoid the vengeance of the laws. He had, however, still some trusty and powerful adherents, who warmly espoused his cause, and, according to their own views, directed his measures. They long flattered, cajoled, and fermented his ambition, with the most dangerous and treasonable projects. He was conscious that he possessed the power of gratifying his amplest passions; but he foresaw that, should he gain the helm of state, he could not, under the present circumstances, insure the general esteem.

Prepossessed with this idea, he therefore considered it better to rise to the summit of power, on which he had now bent his mind, rather by a regular gradation than by a sudden exertion. Under this impression he submitted to the council of his friends; the result of whose deliberations were, that till the public prejudices should subside, he should apply himself to merchandize; and when he should have sufficiently enriched himself thereby, and his party have gained sufficient strength and energy, they would instantly recall him, subvert the present order of things, and deliver into his hands the reins of Government.

Transported with this visionary scheme, he immediately disguised himself, retired into a maritime country, and freighting a large vessel at a prodigious expense, embarked himself on a voyage to Brasil. They had entered the great Atlantic, when they were overtaken by a violent storm, which baffled every human effort, soon rendered the vessel a perfect wreck: not one of the crew escaped a watery grave, except Oriander, who was driven ashore, breathless and faint, on a plank; and had barely strength sufficient left to secure himself amidst the crags of the rocks from the fury of the waves.

During the raging of the storm, he had lost the power of recollection so far as to forget the invaluable charm which he carried about him, through the influence of which he might have escaped this fatal disaster. He felt in his bosom for the mysterious box: but his heart sunk within him, when he found he no longer had it in his possession.

The true sense of his unhappy situation now rushed full upon his mind: he who a few hours since was forming the most romantic schemes of future aggrandizement, found himself bereft of every hope, a poor and wretched exile, for ever cut off from society, and doomed to spend the remainder of his days beneath the fervors of a tropical sun, on a savage and inhospitable island.

With a bosom aching with the bitterest reflections, he proceeded a little way up the country, the soil of which appeared parched and sterile; but at a greater distance he discerned forests, which had never 'resounded to the woodman's stroke,' from whence, as night advanced, the mingled howl of beasts of prey struck his ear, and filled his heart with terror. He saw no trace of human habitation, no sign of mortal footstep: but he had the good fortune to discover a spring of fresh water, at which he quenched the tormenting thirst under which he had laboured; after which he returned to the beach, in hopes to secure something from the wreck.

He passed the night in the cleft of a huge rock, which was only accessible by one narrow winding track. When morning began to gild the ocean, he still maintained his post, though famishing with hunger, in hopes of seeing some vessel from which there might be a possibility of obtaining assistance.

While he was indulging his melancholy reveries, in this precarious situation, he was surprised by the appearance of a boat under sail turning a point of land, which projected into the sea, on the south side of the island; and, as she drew up on the beach, he was still more astonished to observe, among the several other Europeans which composed her crew, the reverend Old Man from whom he had received the mysterious box, whose loss he had just been lamenting.

At his approach he was covered with confusion; and the more so, when he found his benefactor perfectly recognised him, and silenced his complaints, which he began to make, by the following address:

"Remember, young man! the injunction I gave you, when I committed to you the greatest treasure I could confer. You placed a perfect reliance on the stability of your own resolutions; and if you have turned the blessing into a curse, to whom but yourself can you impute the blame?"

"Your first step towards HAPPINESS was wrong—in wishing to enlarge your possessions. Your second was taken, rather by avaricious motives than from a principle of pure disinterested love.

"Your desire of an *hoir* proceeded from a wish rather to enrich your own family than to confer deserved favours on objects of real compassion, and, out of your abundance, to relieve the wretchedness of your fellow-creatures.

"In your thirst for learning you acted only under the impulse of ambition; and, failing in this, you had recourse to the sword, to hew yourself out a passage to the

temple of Fame. Hitherto you have violated the conditions of treaty between us, and merited that series of ill success which you experienced; but your last act of ingratitude and disloyalty is not only a flagrant breach of *Moderation*, but of all laws divine and human. Hence you have forfeited all claim to the inestimable gift which you have now lost; and are justly reduced to that state of misfortune, which I told you would be the consequence of your misconduct.

"See here the treasure you have been deploring!" said the Old Man, at the same time producing the fatal box; "it is now at your option to except or refuse it; but if you do the former, and again relapse into error—observe!—I leave you to your fate!"

Oriander was agitated with shame and remorse; and, acknowledging his frailty, begged that his fortitude might no more be put to the test. "I have seen," said he, "that a man might be ruined by the accomplishment of his wishes, and gratify his passions without adding to his felicity! I have now only one favour to ask—which is, that you will return me safe to the humble situation in which you found me, nor suffer me to become the victim of my own indiscretions."

The Old Man, commiserating his misfortunes, promised to grant his request. The boat was ready to convey him to a ship, which now appeared in the offing; by which he was soon restored to his native country and former state, in which he spent the remainder of his days in peace and content; having learnt by experience, that the Power who created, knows best how to dispose of his creatures; and when he leaves them to themselves, they pursue their own destruction.

ANECDOTE.

SOME of the best French writers, acknowledge that good writing and preaching in France, took their rise from the efforts of the Calvinistical authors and declaimers, before whose time, their theological treatises were contemptible.—Oliver Maillard, a cordelier, was a celebrated preacher, at the beginning of the 16th century. He left two volumes of sermons in Latin, and in the margin of some of them, have been observed marks, whereby it might be known, when some particular action would add a grace to the delivery, and here and there the words "Hem, Hem," to point where a cough might come in as an ornament.

VISION OF MATRIMONY.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE twelfth that entered, was *Clownly Glumph*, the son of old Roger Glumph, of Glumph's retreat,—he advanced with an awkward air and gloomy countenance; for, by the bye, he thought that a commodious farm and a snug cabin, which descended upon him from his great grand-father, placed him beyond the necessity of being well-bred or civil. He stood for some time in astonishment, gaping and gazing at each one of the assembly; then turning to the amiable Miss Heartfree, "adsbobs!" said he, "there's a bonny hussy!" so saying, he flew roughly at her mouth, and used such freedoms as were highly offensive; for which he received such a rebuke, as would have put any man but himself to the expence of a blush; however, he stalked away without the least emotion, whilst the whole assembly was in a burst of laughter.

He then addressed a beautiful young creature, who received his overtures with much coldness; yet, in a short time, she gave him her hand, whilst her bosom was convulsed with sobs, and her lovely cheeks, whereon the rose had just begun to blossom, were bedewed with a flood of falling tears. I was surprised at such strange behaviour, and enquired of the angel what was its meaning: "Alas!" said he, "the case of this female is truly deplorable—she has been forced by her parents to agree with this clown; but her very soul is with young Dick Sprightly, who is a youth of the most endearing dispositions, whose wisdom, vivacity, and evenness of temper, have gained him the esteem of all who know him;—but not possessing so much wealth as this narrow-souled wretch, she was debarred from his pleasing company. Thus some ignorant and misguided parents plan the happiness of their children—but from narrow and contracted views, so far mistake the means, that they often lay the surest foundation for their temporal, if not eternal misery: for how is it possible for a woman to be happy, who is bound to a man whom she does not love, and torn from the arms of him who was the joy of her heart? Or how is she capable, in such a situation, to perform her duty as a Wife, and as a Christian? Nay, how often does it happen that she neglects the concerns of her family, and takes the advantage of her newly acquired fortune, to purchase some forbidden and criminal gratification? Innumerable are the dangers to which they are exposed,

who are thus forced contrary to their inclination!

The thirteenth that entered, was *Simon Prudence*, he looked around him with a scrutinizing eye, he made slight addresses to several females of genteel appearance, but never carried it far, although I knew not the reason; but I saw him retire a few paces from the crowd, and turn his eyes towards Heaven, as if he had been asking advice thence—whereupon the angel gave a significant look towards him, which, I have reason to believe, he understood; for he immediately turned to a charming young female, who was making hay in a meadow—rosy health appeared in her complexion—love sparkled in her eye—and the blush of virgin innocence, with unaffected modesty, glowed on her cheek. As he declared to her his affection, she seeing the reality of his passion, and feeling the irresistible force of love, no longer concealed the generous flame, but gave him her hand, and retired with him to the nuptial vale.

"Behold!" said the angel, "now has virtue met its reward—never did a happier pair grace the married state—he possesses as many virtues as were ever united in one person, she is the daughter of Edward Humble and Mary Pious, from whom she has received such an education as cannot fail to make her a blessing to her husband. Happy is the man that findeth such a helper: nay, happy, thrice happy, is the lot of the children yet unborn, who shall be blest with such a mother!"

As I was watching who would next make his appearance, and beholding with rapture this blooming assembly, I fixed my eyes on a female of the most exquisite beauty, whose modest looks, chaste behaviour, and humble carriage, loudly proclaimed her inward worth, and genuine innocence.

I gladly expected to see her virtue rewarded with the love of some youth of distinction, respectability, and internal worth, but to my surprise and disappointment, I had the mortification to see her surrounded by a groupe of despicable ragamuffins, of low extraction, corrupted morals, and indifferent characters, stunning her ears with their impertinent, and sometimes immodest cant of love phrases. I was inwardly moved for her situation and asked the angel why so much merit received such miserable returns, and he answered me as follows: "This," said he, "is a female of the most amiable manners, of genteel parentage, and a liberal education; but by the indiscretion of her parents, she was at too early an age, permitted to keep company with young men, when, from innocence and sim-

plicity, she imprudently received the addresses of men of the above description:—and as men and women are estimated, not according to their real worth, but according to the company with whom they associate, so men of more genteel character, not wishing to be classed with this worthless mobile, have studiously shunned her company ever since.—And although the greater part are fully convinced of her chastity, yet it is much to be doubted whether ever she may have it in her power to match according to her deserving."

"From this example," continued he, "you may observe, how careful parents ought to be, in watching over the conduct and morals of their children, while young—as their good or bad fortune through life, depends much on them; together with the company they keep on their first outset;—and to regulate their choice as far as it may be done without offering violence to their understanding: but to carry it farther, were the worst of tyranny, and cannot be called *exercising* but *abusing* the Parental Authority.

The next thing I observed, was a gay young couple running full speed off the plain; and my Instructor informed me that it was the daughter of a worthy Citizen, who had rejected many excellent offers, and was now run away with Tom Trip, the dancing-master; whilst young Sir Timothy Purlind was stealing quietly away with Nancy Froward, one of his mother's waiting-maids.

I was surprised all the while to see so few of the Boys of S—y* enter this fair assembly, and began to pray the angel that he would put it into their hearts to enter that happy state of wedlock.

"Your S—y boys," said he, "as you call them, are in general sensible and penetrative, and will, no doubt, act with propriety, although some of them may be a little tardy in putting their designs into execution—but if you differ from them in principle, see you differ also in practice; shew them a worthy example, and let not youth be a pretext for inactivity."

At these words, I cast a glance towards a young female, who was, in my opinion, deliciously handsome; and whose modesty and virtue seemed to recommend her as an object worthy of my choice. But as I am somewhat slow in resolving, and better at thinking than speaking, I happened to be too tedious; and just as I was advancing

NOTE.

* It is observed, that the young men of that quarter of the B***d are somewhat dilatory, with respect to marriage.

towards her to express my passion, up came an impudent little fellow, and without the least ceremony, carried her off! I was enraged at the insolence of the puppy; and being determined to dispute every inch of ground with him, drew my fist in order to hit him a box on the ear, when I gave my knuckles such an unlucky rap against the wall, as convinced me of my mistake; and immediately awaking, I found the whole was a dream!!

ORIGIN OF PLAYING CARDS.

From the Manuscripts, of a Citizen in Boston.

About the year 1300, (as the account is handed down to us.) Cards were invented to divert Charles VI. of France, who was then in a melancholy state. The invention proposed by the four different sorts, as Hearts, Spades, Diamonds, and Clubs, was to represent the four different classes of men in France:—"Hearts represents the Ecclesiastics, and as Spain received the game from France, they instead of Hearts, have put chalices or cups.—Spades represents the nobility or prime military part of the kingdom, and what in England is called Spades, is the head of a lance—Spain has a sword—Diamonds represents citizens, merchants and mechanics—Clubs, are trefoil or clover grass, and represents husbandmen and peasants.—The four Kings, are David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles. These respectable names represent the celebrated monarchies of Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. The four Queens are Arjune, Esther, Judith and Palas, typical of birth, or Queen by descent, and hold forth piety, fortitude, and wisdom.—The knaves are their servants, the names of two only are known, who were famous Knights at the time cards were invented,—Hogier and Lahire."

[Bos. W. Mag.]

REMARK.

THE fanciful ingenuity of mankind has shewn itself with its utmost variety in the article of a future state. The followers of each religion have formed a paradise to their liking; some of the plans laid down for the amusement of the blessed were extraordinary. That of the Celtes was never adopted by any other religionists. After drinking beer most liberally, from the skulls of their foes, the saints were to rise from table, and hew one another to pieces with swords and battle-axes. There was to be afterwards, a species of reviviscence, and then all hands to drinking beer again. The Puelcher, a nation lately discovered

in South-America, can have no objection to the former division of the Celtic beatitudes, for they expect that good men will be indulged with a perpetual state of drunkenness in the next world, and they honour their Supreme Deity with the name of "Soucha," or, "The God of strong drink." The more temperate Greenlanders content themselves with allowing to their blessed, plenty of the best train-oil to drink, and abundance of seals to hunt.

A LADY'S TOILET.

☞ Come and peep.

THE following are humbly recommended as necessary requisites for a lady's toilet:—A fine eye-water, *benevolence*—Best white paint, *innocence*—A mixture, giving sweetness to the voice, *mildness and truth*—A wash to prevent wrinkles, *contentment*—Best rouge, *modesty*—A pair of the most valuable ear-rings, *attention*—An universal beautifier, *good-humour*—A lip-salve, *cheerfulness*.

THE LOCK AND KEY.

THE Administrative Council of the Select Legion, wishing to secure its chests from attempts, by means of false keys, has adopted a safeguard, which should be used by all receivers, and other persons having articles of value entrusted to their care:—It consists of a combined piece of mechanism, furnished on the outside with four moveable rosettes, or handles, each engraved with the 24 letters of the alphabet.—These four rosettes, constructed on a solid principle, present, together, 331,776 combinations, i. e. 331,776 different obstacles, which prevent the opening of the lock by any other than those persons acquainted with the word made use of by the proprietor; a thief cannot, therefore, have sufficient time to find out the requisite word, from which he is further removed, not only by the great number of obstacles which offer, but also by the geometrical method which must be followed, in order to prevent a repetition of the proper modes of trial, as also to preclude the possibility of escaping.

[Lond. pap.]

EPIGRAM.

WHEN fancies odd plagued Menelaus' head,
Thus to her lord the lovely Helen said:
What though this earthly part to Troy he bore—
Still was my soul with thee on Sparta's shore:
The royal buck replid, "I b'lieve it well;
"Howe'er, next time—leave me the body, Nell."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Answer to OLD CONTI'S PERPETUAL ALMANAC, IN PAGE 7.

In the Calendar it has been usual to mark the seven days of the week with the seven first letters of the alphabet, always calling the first of January A, the second B, the third C, the fourth D, the fifth E, the sixth F, and the seventh G, and so on, throughout the year: and that letter answering to all the Sundays for a year, is called the *Dominical Letter*. According to this disposition, the letters answering to the first day of every month in the year will be known by the following rule:

*At Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,
Good Caleb Finch, And David Friar.*

Where the first letter of each word, answers to the letter belonging to the first day of the month, in order from January to December.

ROBERTSON'S NAVIGATION.

N. B. This rule is not quite so old as *Dover Cliff*; but very near it.

SCIOLUS.

*Solution to the Mathematical Question, page 15
of the Repository.*

MR. HOGAN,

I am fond of Algebra, when applied to useful subjects; but do not think your *Repository*, (whose end is utility) a fit place for knotty equations, constructed only to perplex; I shall however, give a very simple solution to this very complex question.

Since x and y are whole numbers, its evident from the expression $x^3 \times y^3 x^2 = x^4 y^3$, that y^3 must be a whole number; and y a square number; but y is less than 12, and consequently is either 1, 4, or 9. By substituting these in the given equations, I find 9 to be the value of y . Hence $x = \sqrt[4]{\frac{2834352}{9}} = 18$. So her age is 18 years, and 9 months.

The age would do; but what's the rest?
The face, the form; and what way drest:
What are th' endowments of the mind—
Pshaw! she's a lady—that's the kind.

SCIOLUS.

REFLECTION.

Though reproof is couched in a mild question, it should not follow the offence too rapidly.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

QUESTION.

Suppose a body projected with a given velocity, on an indefinite plane, touching the earth in the point of projection; to find the distance passed over, when it returns to rest, by the power of gravitation alone?
PILILUDIUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The solution Sciolus has given to my mathematical question proposed by my young friend, is so satisfactory, that he is truly worthy of encomiums; it is concise, and accurate beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have therefore again taken the liberty of offering a second, that a solution may be given through that medium, where my first was so successful.

QUESTION.

In the right angled Triangle *ABC*, there is given the sum of the legs *AC* and *CB* equal to 14; and the sum of the hypotenuse and perpendicular, which is *AB* and *CD* equal to 14.75: Required the hypotenuse *AB*, the base *AC*, and the perpendicular *CB*, severally?

DAVID SMITH.

NAUTICAL QUESTION,

From *W. C.*

Suppose there are two ports, *A* and *B*, diametrically opposite to each other, on the coast of a circular lake, whose diameter is unknown; a certain wind perpetually blows from *A* to *B*, but upon what point of the compass is also unknown: a ship from *A* intending for *B*, was no sooner clear of the harbour, but was assaulted by pirates, who, after a dreadful conflict, carried away her main-mast, mizen-mast, and all yards, sails, &c. also her charts, compass, mathematical books and instruments. The crew then set up a foremast and foresail, and run according to the direction of the wind, and in a few days arrived at *E*; here they got masts and sails, with other necessities, but could procure neither charts, compass, books, nor instruments. Now it is required what means they must take to make out the port *B*?

SINGULARITIES.

D. Kingsbury, of Jeffry, (N. H.) *Æt.* 70, has been presented with a pair of twins, and since then, with another child; his wife is 50 years old.—A Mr. Jacobs, of Thompson, (Conn.) *Æt.* 74, has also been presented, by his third wife, *Æt.* 51, with an offspring. [*B. W. M.*]

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 22, 1803.

A Title Page and copious Index to the Second Volume accompanies the present number, free of any additional charge. Subscribers whose files are incomplete, may have their deficient numbers supplied, at 6½ cents each, by applying at the office; and those who wish their volumes bound are requested to send them as soon as convenient.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 15th inst. by Jacob Clement, esq. Mr. William Evans, merchant, to the amiable Miss Jane Firman, both of this city.

—, Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. D. Smith, merchant, to Miss Jane Holderness, both of this city.

—, On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Woodward, of Bristol, merchant, to Miss Jane Vandergrift, of Lower Dublin, Philadelphia county.

Deaths.

DIED, at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 17th October last, Captain William Delaval.

—, At Sagamore Creek, Portsmouth, on the 17th December, Mr. Benjamin Lear, *Æt.* 82.

"It is presumed no man ever died within the limits of Portsmouth, who deserved the name of hermit, more than Mr. Lear. The farm, on which he lived, and which he owned, was of sufficient extent and fertility to have supported a large family; but he had long imbibed the idea that he should live to need and spend the whole. For more than twenty years he dwelt entirely alone in a hut, which scarcely any one would have deemed decent for a barn. He made his own garments, which were in a fashion peculiar to himself. He tilled his land, milked his cows, and made his butter and cheese, but subsisted principally upon potatoes and milk. Owning no doubt to his simple and temperate mode of living, he exhibited at the age of 82, a face freer from wrinkles, than is generally seen in those of fifty. He always spoke of the town, where he made his appearance once or twice a year, under the name of the Bank.* His mother lived to be more than 100 years of age.—When she was 102, some people visited her on a certain day, and, while they were with her, the bell was heard to toll for a funeral. The old lady burst out in tears, and said, "when will the bell toll for me? It seems to me that the bell will never toll for me. I am afraid that I shall never die." Mr. Lear, although repeatedly invited and urged to repair to some of the neighbours to spend the winter, where he might be comfortable, absolutely declined, alledging that he had every thing he wanted. He would not suffer any one to spend a night in his house, to take care of him during

* The ancient name of Portsmouth was Strawberry Bank.

his last illness. For several weeks before his death, he was in a feeble state of health, but with those comfortable accommodations, which were abundantly in his power, he might perhaps have lived to the age of his mother. On Thursday night, last week, the cold was so extreme, that the mercury fell, in Fahrenheit's thermometer, to 4 degrees below nought. In the evening he was so well, as to be laying out his business for the ensuing spring, but in the morning he was unable to rise. He had his senses, but soon expired. Almost any one else, would, in similar circumstances, have been totally frozen before morning. According to his usual custom, he was without a shirt to his back, but was clad in an old tattered cloth garb, and his only covering for the night, besides, was a small ragged blanket, and his bed was a parcel of straw! He was of an inoffensive disposition towards his fellow creatures, but with the means in his hands, he denied himself almost every comfort of life. The place of his abode has often been visited out of curiosity. The waters of Sagamore creek, irregular hills and vallies, a decent orchard, an interval for tillage, towering pines, and craggy rocks, appear in variegated directions from the ancient, lowly cot, which forms the hermitage, and exhibits a romantic scene.

—, In England, Mistress Bridgess, a chimney-sweeper!

—, At Cansan, (N. Y.) on the 21st ult. Mrs. Anna Warner, wife of Mr. Lupton Warner, aged 43. The circumstances of her death are as follows: about three weeks before, a package of small pox matter was found near the door by one of her children, and brought in and examined by the family; when suspicions of its quality arising, the infected thread was inspected by several physicians, and determined to be genuine. Mrs. Warner was then inoculated with her family, but repeated incisions had no effect, and she had the disease in the natural way, and died of it as above. Her loss is felt and lamented by Mr. Warner, and seven children, the youngest but twenty months old. From several circumstances attending this catastrophe it is supposed to be occasioned by design; but hardened must be his heart, and murderous his intentions, who could thrust the fire-brand of deadly infection into the dwelling of a defenceless and unguarded family.

The deaths in London in 1801, were 19 374—5395 of whom were under 2 years of age.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The readers of the Repository, it is presumed, will not be displeased to learn, that *Alexis* has "gotten himself into business." It is no loss for a man who has a ability to manage business, to have something to do. We hope he will continue to cherish and bring forward the blossom of genius—and at the same time not let his own bright poet fancy slumber. The specimens he has already given, evidence poetic merit of no common grade.

Old Conti's communication has been unfortunately mislaid—should it be found, it shall undoubtedly appear next week.

We have complied with *W. C.*'s earnest request, in publishing his nautical question; but think him incorrect in saying that Mr. Major's question given in the last number, is not original. He is called upon to state the author, and page of the book where it may be found.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

I find that by my humble attempt to bring modest merit into notice, I have gotten myself into business, as the saying is; for, since my last communication, I have been favoured by my acquaintance with several scraps of different kinds of composition: which I am at liberty to dispose of as I please, and which shall, therefore, from time to time, be offered for your acceptance. Among these, I am much pleased to find some pieces of poetry written in what is called Blank Verse, or verse without rhyme; for I have long been of the opinion, that (to use the words of a judicious writer) "*Rhyme is no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of good verse; but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre.*" At present, I send you one of these pieces; partly on account of its novelty, and partly in order to see how it will be relished by those, who have been long accustomed to the "still-expected rhyme."

ALEXIS.

THE PRAYER OF AGUR.

FROM PROVERBS, CH. XXX. V. 8, 9.

PARENT of all mankind!
Author of ev'ry good!
A suppliant kneels to Thee,
And offers up his pray'r,
In language of humility and love,
Becoming best thy majesty divine.

Far from these eyes of mine,
That, thro' creation, search
To gratify the sense
With ev'ry seeming good,
Remove the scenes where vanity and lies,
And early follies hold their jocund reign.

Give me not poverty,
That brings her thousand ills;
Lest, while I feel life's wants,
I shou'd prophane thy name;
Or from my neighbour steal, and break those laws,
Ordain'd by Thee for man's eternal peace.

Nor do I ask for wealth,
With his refulgent train,
Of Honour, Pomp and Fame,
And luxury of goods;
Lest I forget myself, and proudly say,
Who is the Lord? What pow'r with me can vie?

But, Parent of Mankind!
Disposer of events!
Dispense those gifts to me,
Thy wisdom deems the best;
That, thus approv'd by Thee, in life and death,
Thy love and praise may fill my grateful soul.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

HAIL thou who dwelt where Lethe's opiate tides,
With soothing murmurs lull his sleepy shore;
Where night primeval, o'er the scene presides,
And solemn silence reigns for evermore.

'Tis thou who shun'st the pillow of excess,
But lov'st with nature's simple sons to dwell;
Who fleest from lux'ry's haggard train, to bless
The humble tenant of the mossy cell.

But ah! too often to the child of grief,
Dost thou, too partial, turn a deaf 'ned ear;
To sorrow's bursting sighs deny relief,
But close the "lid, unsullied with a tear."

When at thy altar bows the am'rous swain,
Whose bosom heaves the sad desponding sigh;
Too oft thou scorn'st to alleviate his pain,
Or shed thy slumbers on his wat'ry eye.

When Afric's sons (for ever doom'd to mourn
The banish'd joys their ancient freedom gave)
Lay down at eve upon the ground, forlorn,
And from thy cup their scanty pittance crave;

Then ruthless mem'ry's retrospective pow'r,
Pours the sweets of liberty and home,
Drives thy soft slumbers from the midnight hour,
And adds new horrors to their wretched doom.

Wrapt in thy arms, the wretched cease to groan;
The feeling heart its sympathy foregoes;
And he who feels no sorrows but his own,
Forgets in thee to feel his private woes.

Come then, sweet soother! now the weary swain
Begins thy tardy lingering to chide;
'Tis eve invites—now day is in the wane,
And the last sun-beam gilds the halcyon tide.

ALBERT.

TO X. W. T.

WHAT strains were those that stole upon mine ear,
That gently floated on the gale along?
Whose lyre was that which waken'd pity's tear,
And call'd forth rapture by the pow'r of song?

Methinks some minstrel of the favour'd line,
Deigns to touch lightly o'er the trembling strings;
Some laureate votary of the sacred nine,
From Delphian fount, or Heliconian springs.

Can calm indifference, ideot-like, behold
Misery depicted in her sable stole?
Can griping Avarice hear the story told,
And not feel soft emotions sieze his soul?

Go on, sweet bard, the Widow's cause is thine,
Thine is the task to dry the orphan's tears,
To bid Hope's beams in grief-worn breasts to shine,
And point to realms beyond this vale of years.

DOOR 0000

CHARADE,

FROM A LADY'S FAN.

MY first some do, inspir'd by smiling hope,
And some, with grief I speak it, by despair;
My second lies in thy sweet numbers, POPE,
The Baron's triumph, and Belinda's care;

My whole to those must ever blissful prove,
Whose souls congenial glow with mutual love.
SOLUS.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE,

FROM A LADY'S FAN.

IN this blest land, all WED with smiling hope,
In climes despotic, only, with despair;
The Baron's triumph, of immortal POPE,
Was the lov'd LOCK of sweet Belinda's hair:
And WED-LOCK sure, to all must blissful prove,
"Whose souls congenial glow with mutual love."
SOLUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. DEPOSITORY,

I SEA a grate babbling in your paper
bout the gurls goen naked, sum zay its all
write, I bieve so two, who dont like to
sea there puty wite skins; I gess as how
this Virtuous Amos, that rites so much in
your paper ginst Betsy Prim is sum old
made or orther, that cant sho hur neck and
arms cauze thay bee so tarnashun brown
and shrivelled and it makes hur dredfully
out off humer to sea the puty wite necks
bear, haß'vay doon, and there puty arms up
to sholder. Now dod rot sich fules I sa
cant thay lett the gurls bee: I likke that
thare man that putts poettre in to pleese
the gurls bees a tarnashun cleaver fellur.
i vish sum smaart fellur wood rite for the
gurls, Im furusly feard tha vill putt on moor
close sinse Virtuous Amos has rote sich
dredfull fine peces ginst um; Zounds Mr.
Depository I tel you vot I think as how
Betsy rote tarnashun vell ginst um bout hiss
grameer, dad, hoow I laffid ven I red thatt,
Daddy vas there ven I red it, so ses he Bob,
I tell you vatt ses he iff you rite ginst Vir-
tuous Amos ses he Il taake you to toown ses
he and you and Il goo too Peels mosolum
ses he and sea thatt there beest there ses he
the Mummuth ses he, soo mr Depository
I thot as how Id rite this here ginst Virtu-
ous Amos, for dod rot my skin If i doont
think thatt I's as goodd as he's and I doont
like to sea the gurls fritenned, so I vish
yood tel im sur that iff he sase anee moore
bout um, Il rite ginst hiss grameer and spel-
lin, caws I think I ken rite as gude grameer
as he, fur i studded Murree's grameer
thru so heed beest be still fur I seas him sum-
times though he dont no mee.

Ma be he vil no mee ven I tels him my
name iss

boB homespun,

slaB toWn.

Poosstt scrippts, I vow mr Depository Ifl
be dredfully ableged to youu if youu putt
thiss in youur Reegistierr.